

Wabash Cannonball

US trad.

Oh list-en to the jing-le, the rum-ble and the roar. As she glides along the
 woodland, through the hills and by the shore. Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that
 lonesome ho-bo call. You're travelling through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Oh listen to the jingle,
 The rumble and the roar.
 As she glides along the woodland,
 Through the hills and by the shore.
 Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
 Hear that lonesome hobo call.
 You're travelling through the jungles
 On the Wabash Cannonball.

She came down from Birmingham,
 One cold December day
 As she rolled into the station,
 You could hear all the people say
 There's a girl from Tennessee,
 She's long and she's tall
 She came down from Birmingham
 On the Wabash Cannonball.

From the great Atlantic Ocean
 To the wide Pacific shore
 From the green and flowing mountains
 To the south belt by the shore
 She's mighty tall and handsome,
 And known quite well by all
 She's the combination
 On the Wabash Cannonball.

Our Eastern states are dandy
 So the people always say
 From New York to St. Louis
 And Chicago by the way
 From the hills of Minnesota
 Where the rippling waters fall
 No changes can be taken
 On that Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to daddy Claxton,
 May his name forever stand
 And always be remembered
 'round the courts of Alabam'
 His earthly race is over
 And the curtains 'round him fall
 We'll carry him home to victory
 On the Wabash Cannonball.